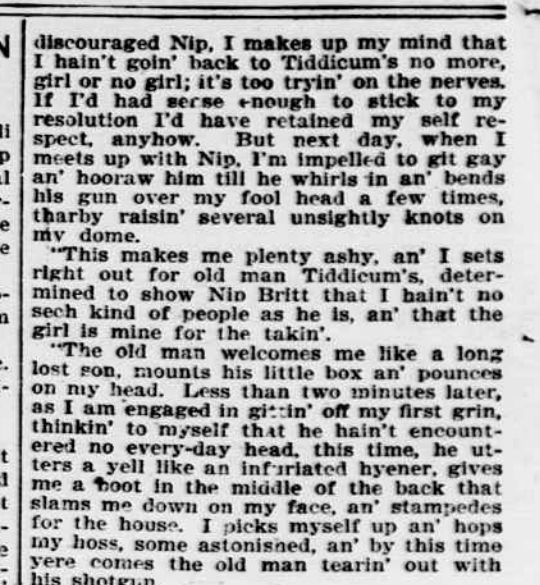


## ALKALI IKE AND HIS TOWN



"'Git out!' he roars. 'Git out of yere, you infernal ripperbate!'"

"'Looky yere, dr. Tiddicums,' says I, 'some rectitude, but you think you are actin' kinder danged funny 'bout this thing, to say the least, an—'"

"'Talk enough,' he yelled. 'Git, or I'll turn loose on you!'"

"'But I hain't done nutthin', an—'"

"'You don't know what you've done, he bellows; 'but I know what you are capable of doin'—'"

"'You're a diabolical head in my life. You counter-felter! You hoss thief! You vampire! You—'"

"'You're around yere tryin' to court my daughter? You're tryin' to get you all to pieces for even lookin' at her, you grave robber! You rake! You roo! You Highbinder! You— you varmint! Git out of my sight! Git out of my sight! Git out of the county. By the jumpin' jimmies! Judson, if I ever set eyes on you again, I'll shoot you in the fun. Git!"

"'Also, I got to go. Time I gets to the

settlement is down upon me that I hadn't got to call to linger in no such an unappreciated community, an' by sundown me an' my hoss is industriously distributin' tracks with the heels p'inted in that direction.

"I 'fess I'm a hundred miles away before I gits it through my understandin' that the whole trouble is caused by them strange an' startlin' knots that Nip Britt raised on my head when he bent his gun over it."

### CULINARY HYPNOTISM.

**A Practical Phase of the New Fad of Great Value.**

"Hypnotism," remarked the professor is a Star reporter as they sat talking, "is one of the greatest blessings that humanity can be thankful for."

"I take issue with you there," said the re-

"You may, and you may also take a drink with me," and he rang the bell. "Just the same, my dear sir, it is the greatest blessing to humanity.

"The drink?" inquired the reporter.

"No guying," frowned the professor. "I say hypnotism is the greatest blessing, and I'll prove it to you."

"Submit the evidence."

"Well, to begin with, my wife is one of the finest cooks in the city of Washington, and she is also possessed of hypnotic power."

"What's that got to do with hypnotism? Does she hypnotize you into believing that her biscuits are fully as good if not better than those your mother made?"

"No guying, I tell you," insisted the professor. "As I said, my wife is the finest

cook in Washington, and the average cook we had in the White House. Not long ago we had a cook who was the stupidest we ever had, and one night we had a dinner party, expecting to get the stuff from a caterer, because I wasn't possible quite for my wife to cook the dinner. The caterer was called also. At the last moment the caterer failed us and we were in a most disagreeable predicament. I didn't know what to do, and at first I thought we were going to be in great in an emergency, and after we had discussed and rediscussed the dilemma which we found ourselves—and it was then I discovered that the caterer had failed at 6-m—my wife seemed to be struck with an idea.

"Wait a minute," said she. "I think I have discovered a cook. I'll go out and see Amanda about it."

"Amanda was our culinary angel, and I thought if she went cook hunting it would be a good idea. I said she should not know one if she saw it. In a few minutes

my wife came back smiling.

"Well?" I asked eagerly.

"I think we are safe," she replied.

"That's all she would say, and as I have perfect confidence in anything my wife tells me, I didn't let my curiosity get the better of me," I acknowledged the situation; but I was particularly anxious to get out of the house and not come back till it was time to dress for dinner. At 5:30 I returned and found my wife radiant.

"How was the dinner?" I inquired.

"Lovely," said she.

"And it was. I never sat down to a better. Everything as good as my mother could make it, and I was sitting at the table where we found such a superior cook. I was anxious to know myself, and when my wife said it was Amanda for the first time, I was doubly determined to get to the bottom of it. I thought, 'How is it possible, though, and the way Amanda had done it.' It was by hypnotic influence. My wife had gone into the kitchen and hypnotized

"I don't know," smiled the professor. "When she waked up next morning she said she reckoned she must be hanted or 'smeltin' in,' and didn't stay to cook breakfast. Just the same, 'bryonism' is a great snap," and the professor emptied his glass.

**HUNG TO MUSIC.**


**The Doomed Man Sang: "I Want to Be an Angel" With the Crowd.**

"In the early days of Wyoming, when there were but few churches and many infractions of law, a man by the name of Barstow, who never knew fear and was a devout Christian, was elected to the office of sheriff," said a citizen of that state to a

Star reporter. "Soon after Barstow entered upon the duties of his office a man was convicted for a capital crime.

"The fact that there was no minister within reach preyed upon the mind of the sheriff, who undertook to supply the lack by holding an hour's Bible reading in the condemned man's cell and praying with him. As a result of this religious approach, Barstow became possessed with the fear that he had not acquitted himself of the spiritual responsibility devolving upon him, and devised a program that was new and unique. After the victim to the law's man had been placed in the cell, Barstow had everything was in readiness, the sheriff prayed long and fervently. Then he called for some one to start a hymn, and a man near the front began the song. One he knew, 'I Want to Be an Angel, in which the prisoner joined.

**Family Outing of Herr Beerdimpfel.**  
Or, Drinks for Everybody.  
From *Fliegende Blätter*.



A black and white illustration of a horse-drawn carriage. The carriage is a simple, box-like structure with a roof, supported by two wheels. It is being pulled by a single horse, which is depicted in profile, facing right. Two figures are seated inside the carriage; the one in the front appears to be the driver, holding the reins. The landscape is rugged, with rocky ground and several large, rounded boulders scattered around. In the background, there are more hills and some sparse, stylized trees. The overall style is that of a woodcut or a simple line drawing.